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Captain America Civil War (Fan-fiction)



movie

action

superhero

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Chapter 1 by Watchdog

The pungent smell of gasoline floods my senses as I walk into the garage. My hands shake with nerves by my side. Next to me, Sam offers a word of encouragement as we stand outside the door.

“You can do this, Steve,” I tell myself. “It’s just Bucky. Not the Winter Soldier. Your Bucky is still in there. You just have to find him, and bring him back.”

Taking a deep breath, I shake off my nerves, and walk inside. A version of the Bucky that I used to know sits defeated on the floor. His red shirt is torn, and his metal arm lies on a stool. Dirt clouds his face, but it does nothing to hide the pain. When he looks up, grief and anguish shine through. This isn’t the Bucky I remember. This isn’t the Bucky that took care of me when I was sick. This isn’t the Bucky who always had my back. This isn’t my Bucky. Instead, a Bucky that has been tortured and used stares back at me. What happened to my Bucky?

“Buck, do you remember me?” I hesitantly ask.

He’s silent for a moment before he speaks. His voice hasn’t changed, and it warms my insides at the thought that maybe I can still reach him. “My name isn’t Steve. It was Sarah. You used to wear newspapers in your shoe.”

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"You're a wanted man," I say walking towards him.

"I don't do that anymore," Bucky whispers, shaking his head. He slowly stands and I can see him wince. I want to go over and comfort him like I used to after we got into fights. But knowing that he's still shaken up from being brainwashed, I don't.

"Well, the people that think you did are coming right now, and they're not planning on taking you alive," I mutter.

"You need to run, Bucky. Go to Steve's apartment. We'll fight them off for you," Sam says insistently as the SWAT team is breaking down the door. We run to fight them off. I turn and look at Bucky running to the window and jumping out. Every punch that is thrown, that's for Bucky. You know, I thought he was dead. I saw him fall to his death. That was until a few months ago, where we had an encounter. When the mask fell from his face, I couldn't believe it. It was James Buchanan Barnes. My best friend, Bucky. The man who used to beat up bullies for me when we were younger. The guy who had all of the girls after him. Well, until I had gotten the Super Soldier injection and became a hero. A buff guy dodges my punch and hits me with a pistol. It kind of makes me dizzy and think of a flashback.

"Bucky?" I ask, dropping my shield.

"Who the hell is Bucky?"

Then I snap back to reality and I'm angrier than I was before. I can't believe they did this to my Bucky. I punch the guy that hit me and he's out cold on the ground. I look around at all of the bodies scattered all over the floor.

"Let's go Cap," Sam yells, running towards the exit. I run after him.(Bucky's POV)

I run towards the nearest window and jump out. I can't believe they're after me, I think to myself as I do a roll on the concrete. I keep running as I pass through a huge crowd. 10 minutes later, I

finally get to Steve's apartment. There's a key in his mailbox and I unlock the door.

As I close the door, I take off my t-shirt. I see pictures of us on Steve's wall. From before. I slowly start to remember. I'm slowly coming back to me. You see I carry around a notebook. I write down everything I see. I wrote them down

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while Hydra was experimenting on me. I knew what Hydra was doing and had to write everything down before my memory was completely erased.

I glance at all of the pictures and my eyes fall upon one of Steve with a woman. She looks familiar. Steve is wearing his Captain America suit and the woman is wearing a green Army uniform. She has short red hair that curls at the end. They're both smiling. I can't recall who she is. My thoughts are interrupted by Steve opening the door. He's out of breath. The man who was with him follows behind him with a young woman.

"I was worried that maybe they captured you," Steve says, sitting down on the couch.

"This is Sam and Wanda. They're apart of my team," he says, gesturing to the man and young woman as they sit down.

"I remember fighting him," I frown, as I look at Sam.

"Look man, it's okay. You were brainwashed and not thinking right," Sam replies.

"Buck, let's go to the kitchen and talk." Steve says, standing up.

I pick up my backpack and follow him. We sit down at his kitchen table.

"That woman with the green Army uniform in the picture smiling with you. Who was that?" I ask.

"Oh, that was Peggy. Peggy Carter," Steve responds.

Suddenly a memory comes back to me and I remember. Steve and I were talking with her when he saved me. She was wearing a red dress and I recall flirting with her.

"How'd that relationship work out?," I question.

"It didn't. I ended up getting frozen for 70 years. I missed our date. It's been pretty hard on me, watching her grow old and eventually die. Her funeral was the other day," Steve says, looking down at the table.

"I'm sorry."

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"It's okay, Buck."

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"What's going on? Why are they after me?"

“Someone is framing you for supposedly bombing the Avenger’s facility”

“I’m not like that anymore though.”

I’m angry now. I just want to punch someone. But, I remember that I was brainwashed and controlled to kill people. Hurt people. I ignore the thoughts that are commanding me to do so. I look at Steve and find him looking at me.

“How did you remember me?” he asks.

“I went to the Smithsonian and went through the Captain America part of the museum. I saw myself up on the wall. Then the memories started to slowly come back. I also carry this backpack which contains my memories. I wrote them down before they destroyed my memories,” I answer, pointing to my bag.

“You know, Buck. I know it was you that saved me. After we fought on the aircraft. I’d like to thank you for that,” Steve says, with a small smile.

“When you said, “I’m with you till the end of the line” something sparked within me. I don’t know what it was. But after I tried killing you and watched you fall. I knew I had to save you,” I reply.

I look at Steve and it’s amazing to see how much he’s changed. He’s a hero. Steve is thinking hard about something and I’m about to ask him another question, but Wanda and Sam come in.

“Steve, we have to go. Trouble is on the way,” Wanda says, looking at us.

“Time to suit up,” Sam responds.

“Bucky, I want you to get your backpack and leave on my motorcycle. I will find you after. Take this phone, it has the location of a safe house. Clint will be waiting for you,” Steve says, as Wanda hands me a phone and bike keys. We stand up and I give him a hug. I’ve missed him.

I grab my stuff and run outside to Steve’s motorcycle and rev the engine. I take one last look at Steve and leave. That’s when...

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